



# SOUTHERN WAR SONG,

## AIR—"Dixie's Land."

Ye patriots, hear your country's call;  
Your South's invaded—leave your all,  
And go, repel the invading band.  
Their leaders swear destruction dire;  
They come with rifle, sword, and fire,  
To desolate and waste your land.

### CHORUS.

March on, brave boys, and meet the foe,  
March on! March on!  
Your wives and mothers bid you go  
To lay the wild fanatics low:  
March on! March on!  
March on to death or glory!

Go, meet them at the very door,  
And as your sires have fought before,  
With deadly fires drive back their hosts.  
Convince the world by actions now  
That we to tyrants cannot bow,  
That freemen dwell in all our coasts.

CHORUS:—March on, brave boys, &c.

Think of your altars and your homes,  
And of the consecrated domes  
Whence prayers for your success arise.  
Think of the fair you've left behind,  
The good, the virtuous, and the kind,  
And look for victory from the skies.

CHORUS:—March on, brave boys, &c.

Remember that you're in the right,  
And trust in God, and bravely fight,  
And He will give your arms success:  
And when your bloody work is done,  
And you a glorious peace have won,  
We'll all the God of battles bless.

CHORUS:—March on, brave boys, &c.

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